

JOHN McCAIN
ARIZONA

CHAIRMAN, COMMITTEE ON
ARMED SERVICES
COMMITTEE ON HOMELAND SECURITY
AND GOVERNMENTAL AFFAIRS
COMMITTEE ON INDIAN AFFAIRS

McCain, John
201504010406

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WASHINGTON, DC 20510-0303
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United States Senate

Attn: Sen. John McCain
Matters of Consumer Protection
Cc: C. D. Walker

March 26, 2015

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The Honorable Greg Abbott
Governor of Texas
P.O. Box 12428
Austin, TX 78711-2423

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GOVERNOR'S OFFICE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE

Dear Governor Abbott,

I wish to bring to your attention a matter concerning Janis Dorris who has encountered a problem with Service Corporation International and Sparkman Hillcrest Funeral Home.

Because the situation is under your jurisdiction, I am respectfully referring this matter to you for consideration. I feel that this issue would be better addressed by you and request that you respond directly to Janis Dorris.

Thank you.

Sincerely,



John McCain
United States Senator

JM/xjp
cc: Governor Doug Ducey

NATIONAL SILVER-HAIRED CONGRESS



JANIS G. DORRIS
Silver Senator - Arizona

4301 North 21st Street, 40
Phoenix, AZ 85016

602-403-0707

H: 602-224-0124

27 Feb 15

Dear Mrs McCain,

I am one of your neighbors, and a supporter of Senator McCain.

If you have time, would you please read this long account of what happened to the body of my husband of 57 years, and to our family at the hands of Service Corporation International, and then convey to your husband what happened to mine condensed to as few words as possible?

My hope is that Senator McCain will request from Secretary of Navy Ray Mabus a strongly worded letter of rebuke to be sent to Robert Waltrip, at Service Corporation International, 1929 Allen Parkway, Houston, Texas 77019.

Robert Waltrip is one of the most powerful business men in the world, and has donated small fortunes to both major political parties. I believe he feels he can get by with anything.

Bill Tremont, my late husband's VFW Post Commander, remarked after having heard no more than that the appearance of Cletus Earl Dorris, Sr had been altered by Service Corporation International, and that Service Corporation International had knowingly buried the veteran in a defective casket, "This veteran who served in wartime, and was honorably discharged from the United States Navy, was treated 'shabbily' in his passing".

Mr. Tremont said he felt that Senator McCain would want to know.

Mrs. McCain, thank you for your time. If ever I may be of help to you, please call or write.

Dincerely,
Doris Dorris

Service Corporation International

dba

Dignity Memorials

Re: the Dorris Family

From our experience with Service Corporation International dba Dignity Memorials we can confirm their objective: get dead bodies embalmed and into the ground.

On the advice of friends who told me to make notes before my memories might diminish with passing of time, I made notes on what was happening to my husband's body and to our family in two states - simultaneously at times. Composing this narrative from my notes is the most difficult thing I have ever had to do, and I am not going to attempt to arrange it in chronological order.

In our case everything could have been done properly from the very beginning if only Service Corporation International had made carefully detailed notes, as well as recorded all phone calls as other businesses do for quality control and training purposes, then referred to and taken action on their helps frequently. Had they needed more than \$20,000 to provide this degree of service it would have been very kind of Service Corporation International to notify me in advance so I could have achieved my goal of excellence in my husband's funeral and burial by paying them more.

Earlier in summer 2013 Paul Gunderson told me that if I would use Dignity Memorials in Arizona as well as in Texas, the process would be easier for me as they would be working together hand in hand. Having no clue what I was getting into, I changed my plans from our trusted provider in Arizona, Whitney Murphy, to A. L. Moore Grimshaw.

When our beloved family member passed, the first man came alone from A. L. Moore Grimshaw, walked into the small bedroom where my husband's body lay and kept standing there staring at my husband with an odd little smile, and in a manner I can only describe as 'feeding on death'. The nurse was here and we were busy talking and disposing of medications properly. Every time I moved between the computer where I was working to finish Reverend Dorris' biography and to compose music, around the hospital bed where he lay, to the nurse and to the bathroom, I had to walk around that man either behind him or in front of him.

Thinking perhaps he would take a hint and move out of the room until it was time for him to do his work I said, "I apologize for walking all over you", but he stood his ground, chuckled, and said, "Oh, I'm ok", and looked back continuing to stare at my husband. Having had enough of him and his creepy staring, I said, "Well I'm not ok. Please back out into the living room".

When a second man showed up later, he didn't stare as much, and while his attire looked worn, it did not look like it was out of Goodwill.

When the nurse left I was asked to step out of the room. When the men had my husband's body in a bag and on their gurney, they allowed me back in. Whoever these men were, they had laid a fake rose on the pillow on my husband's bed along with a little generic card stamped twice with "A L Moore Grimshaw" on the inside, and "A L Moore Grimshaw handwritten on the upper left corner of the envelope.

Later I saw on Moore Grimshaw's own log that a fairly long period time had passed between when the pick up men left our home until the vehicle was at A L Moore Grimshaw only some 4 miles away. The men had stopped for a drink, or whatever they were doing during that time with my husband's body in the Service Corporation International vehicle in Phoenix July heat. Even if the vehicle had been kept running and the a/c on, the time lapse was uncalled for and unacceptable. Recalling the first man's creepy staring I wondered whether or not my husband's precious body might have been mistreated in any way during that hour or so.

I called Moore Grimshaw the next morning and asked for Chad Johnson, director at Moore Grimshaw with whom I had met previously on at least two different days before my husband's passing. A man I believe was named Matt came on the phone and said Mr Johnson was gone for the weekend.

I told Matt to quickly notify Mr Johnson that I wished to speak with him at once because he had told me a body could easily be preserved for 10 days and beyond for a funeral, but certain chemicals would need to be used, and I wanted to confirm that was what they would be doing. Due diligence.

Chad Johnson had said that he was going to be bringing in a special embalmer to embalm Reverend Dorris, and that he, himself, would be present 'when the time came'.

Both times I had been in Moore Grimshaw and spoken with Chad Johnson before my husband passed I told him to do nothing to my husband's hair and appearance; to embalm only. He assured me they would embalm only, dress my husband in a hospital gown, and put him in a container to be flown to Dallas. I noticed he was not taking notes, and he later admitted he had made no notes on this.

Now with an uneasy feeling growing in my mind, I told Matt to do nothing until I had spoken personally with Chad Johnson. Matt said he would call Mr. Johnson again with my request for him to call quickly. When Johnson didn't call within the hour, I called Moore Grimshaw again. Matt said he had again left message for Chad Johnson to call me.

When another hour had passed and Mr Johnson had not called, I drove to Moore Grimshaw. When Matt finally came into the room, I asked why Mr Johnson was not with us by now. Matt answered that it didn't matter because my husband's body had already been embalmed.

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Stunned, I asked to see my husband. Matt said no. He said he would make an appointment for me to see my husband at 1:00 o'clock the next day. I returned to Moore Grimshaw on the brink of tears around 12:45 Sunday wondering why I was being put off, and why all the sidestepping.

Matt came out and told me that my husband wasn't ready to be viewed, that he would be back for me in a few minutes. Around 1:25 Matt came and took me to the room where my husband lay. I stifled a scream and my knees buckled when I saw my husband's altered appearance. I could identify him, but not really recognize him.

The entire 58 years I had known him, my husband had worn his hair and sideburns full. During his last days his long time hairdresser, owner of Salon Windsor, made house calls to attend his hair. Moore Grimshaw had cut his hair short all over, to the skin over his ears, and sheared off his sideburns. My husband's fingernails had been clipped down to the skin with a clipper rather than neatly and tastefully filed. I know clippers were used because I saw a jagged edge left.

I cannot remember just when a woman walked in and asked if he looked 'ok' to me. Choked with emotion, I could say nothing more than 'no'.

At some point Matt walked back in as I was silently sobbing and reached to put his arm around my shoulders. I screamed "Don't touch me. Do not touch me!"

I went out and sat in the hallway to call and warn our children who had not yet arrived that their father's appearance had been altered. I urged them not to come over yet as they would not be able to bear seeing Dad so soon after his death without his fluffy hair and sideburns.

We were in such shock we actually considered calling the police because surely altering the appearance of a corpse when no trauma had occurred would be illegal.

In deep shock our daughter said she had the perfect solution: for Moore Grimshaw to find all her father's hair they had cut off, and with tweezers, a magnifying glass and fine glue, carefully and perfectly put each hair right back on.

By Tuesday, July 16, I was dizzy and weak and taken into [redacted] office.
I was put in a [redacted]

In my last visit to Moore Grimshaw before my husband passed I had suggested to Chad Johnson that our choice of the Silver Sapphire casket and the insert with the U. S. Navy Insignia emblazoned on it be ordered immediately so we would be sure we had it and everything was right. Mr. Johnson said it would be best to let Sparkman Hillcrest in Dallas handle that because Sparkman would have 10 days to remedy any problems.

I had already notified Sparkman Hillcrest earlier in the summer that we wanted the Silver Sapphire casket and the U. S. Navy Insignia insert, but called again to confirm. Sparkman Hillcrest said the casket and insert were already there.

During the week I received a call from Chad Johnson assuring me that my husband's body would not sit in Phoenix heat awaiting a flight because he had made the flight reservation for dawn the day my husband's body was to be flown to Dallas. Was my husband's body kept cool and put on that earliest flight? Having only the word of Service Corporation International employees how could I know for sure? We were learning the hard way that we could never truly trust Service Corporation International and its' employees' word.

During that week I could barely function trying to get final arrangements in place. All I accomplished for his funeral program was his unfinished biography and more song selections. I had no musicians in Dallas for his funeral. I felt like my legs had been cut out from under me - as if I were walking through waist high water on legs that were mere stumps, and through fog. In Dallas on July 21 and 22 I was late at visitation to receive friends and family, and late for my husband's funeral. This should have been one of the most peaceful times of my life.

Standing beside my husband's body on the table in Moore Grimshaw, I strongly sensed some kind of 'awareness' in him. I was reminded of my mother telling me after her mastectomy that she had not been unconscious at all during the surgery and had experienced searing physical pain, but was paralyzed so totally she was unable to move even an eyelid or her mouth. My mother had been under incomplete anesthesia. Standing beside my husband in Moore Grimshaw I truly sensed 'awareness' in him even though his body had been pronounced dead; that he had known what was happening to him, was unable to protest, and suffered in some manner not physical. I couldn't stop weeping.

Note added in January 2015: I now know from Judaism that this was exactly what my beloved husband was experiencing as he was being disfigured by the woman who believed that what she wanted him to look like was more important than what he and his family had requested- to leave the shave, nail filing, and dressing to Sparkman. Before my husband passed I had taken his portrait to Moore Grimshaw to be put with him in the container to Sparkman Hillcrest.

Had she not gotten a memo to embalm only, and if not, why not?

It was on Saturday, July 20, in Sparkman Hillcrest before my husband's funeral was to be on Monday - during one of the times Casey Spraberry was in the room with me, that I asked him to verify the Silver Sapphire casket was in and that the U. S. Navy Insignia insert was in it. The director said he had personally seen the casket and insert, but that the insert would not be in the casket because it had arrived in a different shade of white from the casket lining. Dumbfounded, I asked why he had not reordered. He said he had no guarantee the next one would not also be wrong.

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Anger began to rise amongst tears. I told Mr Spraberry that we would indeed have a right U. S. Navy Insignia insert in this veteran's casket; that he had had many days even before my husband passed to get the casket and the U. S. Navy Insignia insert right, and that he was to do whatever he needed to do to get the Silver Sapphire and U. S. Navy Insignia insert we had chosen – to notify the casket maker in China, or wherever Silver Sapphire caskets are made to immediately make a Silver Sapphire casket and a U. S. Navy Insignia insert out of the same fabric/dye lot and put them in overnight FedEx to Sparkman Hillcrest. I made certain the director understood clearly that I expected to see everything right on Sunday evening at 5pm for family and friends visitation.

On Sunday I was brought into the visitation room first. I noticed immediately that the insert was a different shade of white than the interior of the casket, and knew Mr Spraberry had just stuck the on-hand insert in that casket afterall. I was cut to the bone that even this wasn't right; the insert with the splendid U. S. Navy Insignia insert did not match his casket.

Noticing my husband's suit sleeve needed to be smoothed, I tried to smooth the fabric, but his arm was tight against the side of the casket. This was odd because his weight was always taken at Fresenius Dialysis before he left, and was always within a pound or so of 142 pounds. He was 6 feet tall. A normal casket would have been sufficient for him. A. L. Moore Grimshaw noted in their records that his weight in their facility was 125 pounds.

On July 22 when the casket was opened in Chapel East for pass by after Reverend Dorris' already badly flawed funeral service, the U. S. Navy Insignia was lying on my husband's face! When the directors lifted up the insert there was funeral makeup smeared across the magnificent, U. S. Navy Insignia.

Our family and the congregation sat watching in stunned silence as the directors picked up the insert and was punching it back into the top of our beloved's casket. Some kind of white ribbon or tape was being used in an effort to make the insert stay up and in place. It was deeply disturbing watching people 'wrestle' with a casket.

There was to have been peaceful silence as the casket was opened at the end of "Until Then" sung a capella by the congregation and Mrs. Harris. Instead, the tension in the chapel was so palpable our daughter's tiny pocket dog (there with the permission of Sparkman) which rarely makes a sound, barked at a friend simply bending forward to kiss our daughter.

By now I was in utter, total shock, but the end was not yet.

When the casket was opened at his gravesite for us to sprinkle in the dried rose petals from his rosebushes in Arizona, the U. S. Navy Insignia insert was once again lying on top of the face and body of the veteran, our beloved family member.

Twice earlier in the summer Sparkman Hillcrest had mailed to me their information packets. Phone calls were exchanged over the next days during which times Mr. Gunderson told me more than once that because Chapel East was entered through a mausoleum which was hot and unpleasant because it wasn't air-conditioned and would be uncomfortable and distasteful for people to walk through, that I should reserve and use the main chapel instead of Chapel East.

Mr. Gunderson said there was a fine grand piano that could be used in the main chapel which I should use if for no other reason than to use the fine piano. I told Paul Gunderson my mind was made up that my husband's funeral would be in Chapel East as my father's had been. (as it turned out Chapel East was not even clean on July 22)

In another phone call he said it all again. I asked Mr Gunderson what kind of instrument was in Chapel East. He said he didn't know.

Even though I hand delivered to the Sparkman directors on July 20 the correct portrait of my husband to be published in his obituary and on his funeral program, the wrong picture, the one that had arrived with him in the container, was used in both his July 21 obituary and on his funeral program. His obituary was incomplete: Poet, Philosopher, Prayer Warrior, Minister of God, Friend, were left off the July 21 obituary. I have the 2 uncashed checks Sparkman Hillcrest has sent twice for the same amount as refund on the obituary.

The gentle, dignified Reverend Dorris is lying in his casket in his finest suit, finest French cuff shirt, and his barely worn Johnston Murphy shoes. His shoes may not be on him. We have no way of knowing what was done when my husband's body and belongings were out of our sight.

I know for sure his French cuffs are lying loose because there are no cufflinks in them. I had provided for the directors a small bag with the cufflinks in it that were to be put in Reverend Dorris' cuffs before he was buried, along with a small tie tac. The cufflinks that had been in his French cuffs, the tie tac, and two rings for visitation and funeral were to be removed and put in the bag before burial!

When the bag was handed to me after his burial, all the jewelry was in it – his gold cufflinks, gold tie tac, both of his diamond rings, as well as the less costly cufflinks and cross tie tac that I had entrusted Sparkman Hillcrest to put on him when they removed the other jewelry before he was buried.

I cannot get past wondering whether or not the U. S. Navy Insignia insert is once again lying on top of my husband's face and upper body.

I am tormented by the choice I must make: whether or not to have my husband's body disinterred to make sure the U. S. Navy Insignia insert is not lying on top of him for my own peace of mind, but having to pay the emotional price of having disturbed his final resting place, or living the rest of my life haunted by the thought the insert may yet again be lying across his face and body. Without exception every individual to whom I have put this quandry has answered the same; there is no possible right answer, and time can't be turned back to right wrongs which are impossible anyway, ie, uncut his hair.

Paul Gunderson called on Thursday after my husband's passing to say they needed me immediately in Texas as there was much to do. "We are trying to make it to the airport in time for our flight even as you are making us miss it with your continuing phone calls!", I said. When we did miss our flight on Thursday I called Sparkman Hillcrest to notify the company we would be on wait list for seats on Friday.

Paul Gunderson told me to be there no later than 3:30 on Friday. He said they would be closing at 5 pm, and 'we want to be able to get out of here'. When directors would call they would ask how I was doing. I answered that I was doing the best I could.

We got in the taxi for the airport on Friday forgetting Reverend Dorris' medal put on him by South Korea honoring him, and in appreciation for his service for their country. The medal was in a frame that we had leaning against the wall by our front door. We were on the plane at last and taking a deep breath when I realized we hadn't brought the medal. My daughter deboarded our flight saying she would take a taxi home, grab the medal, rush back to Sky Harbor and be on the next flight to Dallas.

In tears she called us in Dallas on Friday night saying there had not been one available seat left, there were no more flights with confirmed seats available until Monday, but that she would go home again, go to sleep and be at Sky Harbor at 7am on Saturday in line again for a no-show seat. She was finally in Dallas late Saturday.

During Saturday/Sunday I had repeated problems getting the funeral paid for in Dallas. I had told Sparkman Hillcrest on at least two occasions earlier in the summer that I wanted to send a check to pay for the funeral in advance so I would have one less detail to attend in Dallas. They said it was impossible. To my great embarrassment my debit card was declined twice in Sparkman Hillcrest on Saturday and Sunday.

Sparkman Hillcrest had always told me that I could not pay in advance because it was impossible. They kept asking for a credit card. I pride myself on no longer having credit cards because my husband had always handled business, and during his long illness I had made dreadful mistakes handling money. I use only my debit card which is cash. I learned the hard way that my debit card was limited to [REDACTED] although I had over [REDACTED] in the account.

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Paul Gunderson told me the visitation and funeral would not happen until he had my money in his hands. He drove me to my accommodations to get my checkbook, and stood over me while I was attempting to gather my thoughts to get the money in the checkbook account while still trying to arrange for musicians.

I had taken with me to Texas only 4 checks. When I wrote the check for Sparkman Hillcrest, I wrote it for the full amount owed to Dignity Memorials for their lowest priced funeral package, but which still came to some \$20,000 with an inexpensive marker (SCI had not informed me the government would provide a marker for the Veteran). Gunderson looked at the check and said, "Oh, you have to write two more checks, we can't accept Sparkman payment on the same check with Hillcrest payment". No exceptions, he said.

In Sparkman Hillcrest on that long Saturday with Spraberry and Gunderson frequently leaving the room for periods of time as Johnson and Matt had done in Phoenix, I was wrenched and churning in my heart and mind about all I still needed to do about getting musicians for the funeral, flower arrangements ordered from McShan, and a few items from a store – things I had not gotten done in Phoenix. I could hardly focus on anything during the several days I had arranged for myself while still in Phoenix, not even his funeral program completed.

D & L Press in Phoenix had been standing by to print my husband's funeral program, but it wasn't ready. I had no choice but to trust Sparkman Hillcrest in Dallas to get it right with the materials I provided. I was surprised later to notice "In Loving Memory, Inc" had printed a copyright symbol on my materials and D and L's format. Enclosed is a copy of the excellent production D & L Press in Phoenix has done since for keepsake copies for people who have requested them, as well as copies for his medical teams and members of former churches.

Service Corporation International embarrassed us in front of our friends and relatives by failing to credit in the program the composers and authors of music they had taken off internet for us. In thinking he would want to know, I wrote a letter to SCI CEO Robert Waltrip noting this to be illegal, but did not receive the courtesy of a reply that he had received my letter. In fact, I sent two letters to Robert Waltrip, one of them certified, with information I thought he would want to know. I had not yet found out on internet about Mr. Waltrip and SCI.

Before visitation July 21, I asked the directors to properly fold Reverend Dorris' handkerchief for his coat pocket. When they said they didn't know how, I asked them to locate someone in the building who could arrange a gentleman's handkerchief and put it in his suit pocket properly. They answered that as far as they knew there was no one.

The directors told me our request to begin the funeral with the video of "I CAN ONLY IMAGINE" would not be honored because it was impossible. (Waltrip's widow will not be told a video in a small chapel will be impossible, nor will any SCI employee presume to alter Robert Waltrip's

appearance in any manner without permission from the family. Robert Waltrip will not be treated like my husband was, nor will his family be treated as we were)

I have a quarter page display ad from Dallas Morning News shortly after my husband's funeral about how Dignity Memorials make deceased's funerals exactly the way they/their families wish. Untrue. I would be so bold as to label that ad as clearly false advertising.

Even the simple video done for our visitation duplicated pictures, and the music stopped twice.

We had engaged the services of a videographer for funeral and burial. Unless she deleted it, she has the directors punching the insert back into my husband's casket not just once, but twice. In the video at the gravesite my neck is outstretched in all directions apparently scanning for which direction another shock might come.

Our minister was given the unseemly task of 'announcing' the reception at the conclusion of his address because Service Corporation International dba Dignity Memorials failed to include the information in my husband's funeral program. This ruined the dignified, soft ending of the service which was to have been the fading harmonies of the congregation singing a capella with Mrs. Harris the last lines of "Until Then".

The congregation behind the 4th row of pews heard little of the funeral, and did not hear the announcement of a reception. Few attended the reception saying later that they had not known there was to be a reception. The food at the reception was the one thing Service Corporation International had gotten right.

Due to the continuing shocks, I guess, of seeing the insert lying on top of our beloved, we completely forgot our plans to hold hands at the grave and sing "Amazing Grace" with our daughter leading, praying the Lord's Prayer together in unison with a son leading, and the benediction blessing of Numbers 6: 24-26 pronounced over family and friends by the beloved's first born son at his final resting place.

The final ceremony for C. Earl Dorris remains forever unfinished.

I had had 6 ½ years to become accustomed to my evangelical minister husband of 57 years passing, to grow peaceful in my heart and mind. Everything had been said and done; we were all at peace. Just knowing he would no longer be sick and in pain brought complete peace of mind. His last wish had been fulfilled by Bucket List Foundation in Arizona.

His funeral and burial were planned to the last detail. After our long lifetime having been filled with social events, celebrations and receptions all filled with color and music, his funeral was planned accordingly. For this final ceremony the colors were the colors emblazoned in the U. S. Navy Insignia (but which ended up with funeral makeup smeared across it) and the colors of the stones in the breastplate of the Jewish high priests in earlier ages. Silently and in perfect peace he breathed his last just at sunset on a Friday - a beautiful, perfect, poetic passing.

Barbara, his caregiver from hospice had arrived early afternoon. She lovingly and carefully bathed him for the last time, shampooed his perfectly trimmed hair and fluffed it dry. She then called the nursing team to notify them that their patient was passing. Around 4:30 or so I called to notify Moore Grimshaw that he would be passing shortly so they would know to expect our call and to notify Chad Johnson.

By 10 o'clock the horrors had begun with the arrival of the ill-dressed man who stood at the foot of Reverend Dorris' bed continually staring at my husband's body.

A couple days after the funeral I went to my bank branch in Dallas to get personal cash and realized I had transferred money into the wrong account on Sunday afterall. I had the bank make certified funds and was bringing it to Sparkman Hillcrest just in time; the secretary handed my insufficient checks to me as I was being seated.

This was the day I told Casey Spraberry that I wanted my husband's body disinterred because it was more than likely that the U. S. Navy Insignia insert was again lying on my husband's face and body. Mr Spraberry said, "Mrs Dorris, your husband's casket and container may get damaged in that process and you will have to buy new again, and if the insert is not lying on top of him, you will have to pay all the costs for bringing him up, and for his reburial as well".

While this may have been true, my expectation would have been that he would have offered condolences that my heart and mind were churning, and that he understood my concern perfectly since we had all had to look at the insert lying on top of Reverend Dorris' face and body not just once, but two times.

In one of my nightmares I was sitting alone someplace on a folding chair in gathering darkness. My feet were in water up to my ankles, and as I looked down, to my horror the American flag was lying in undulating, murky water slowly unfurling. I reached down and picked up the soiled, dripping flag and laid it in my lap attempting to smooth and refold it.

In the most wrenching nightmare I was seeing my husband back in the hospital bed, and a creature that looked like a black, green, and yellow gila monster without a tail scurrying up and over him, and going up and disappearing over what appeared to be black bars. Somehow this seemed tied to the man who was staring my husband's body as he still lay on the hospital bed.

A particular horror while sleeping was 'seeing' my husband cocooned in cling wrap, but still alive and unable to move or breathe. In another he was balanced standing on his head, arms up at his sides, and slowly spinning on top of his head.

I have dreamed I saw him in the casket with his mouth coming open, and his face and head shaved bald.

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Bad dreams are routine in the grieving process, but in our case my beloved's passing had not been sad, but was a peaceful and beautiful. It was the handling of his body by SCI dba Dignity Memorials that has wrenched me and stolen my peace of mind.

While still in Texas after his funeral I went back to Sparkman Hillcrest to select a marker. When the man left the room he took the Liles/Dorris file with him or I would have certainly opened and read everything. All of it is my business.

In 2009 I had gone into Sparkman Hillcrest to confirm my ownership of the space beside my mother, Aline Liles. Frank Settio and Donna Titus told me they could not locate Herbert Liles' file, and scolded me for not having given Sparkman Hillcrest more notice that I was coming so they would have had more time to look for the file before I arrived. I mention this at this time to note that mismanagement began far earlier than 2013.

It was during that visit that I told Frank Settio of my intention to donate a Yamaha Clavinova for Chapel East in appreciation for the excellent funerals of my family members in earlier decades. I am dumbfounded at what has happened to our family since that day.

The next appointment I had on the marker selection I was put in a room and told to wait for the headstone man. Two well-dressed men who identified themselves as principals at Sparkman Hillcrest walked in. I thought I had done something wrong.

Somehow I was able to calm myself enough to gather my thoughts and use the opportunity to tell the men some of what had happened to my husband's body, and to us. I told them I had written to Robert Waltrip twice since the funeral, but had not been afforded the courtesy of a reply that my letters had even been received. During this time Daniel Salter and J. Mark Patterson were very polite, and complimentary even in saying that I was well-spoken. They brought up that my husband's body had been embalmed in A. L. Moore Grimshaw. I was puzzled as to why they were saying these things.

When Daniel Salter told me the funeral would be refunded, I didn't say anything for a moment then simply said I had been asked recently what I would want. Mr Salter asked, "Mrs Dorris, what did you say? What do you want?"

There was a long stare between us. I blinked first saying a kind and reasonable response would be to give to me the house just across their back fence to the north where I could look directly across to my husband's resting place day or night anytime I wished; to just do the right thing. Daniel Salter's countenance and demeanor changed. "That is punitive, you will never get it!" he said abruptly in a lifted voice, stood to his feet, and left the room.

Old and alone I had felt scared, intimidated, and outnumbered when they had walked in. Clueless, I had already felt overpowered and in a disadvantaged, unprepared position. Had I known what was going to happen to me that afternoon I would have taken someone with me.

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Continuing notes:

Bill Tremont, Reverend Dorris' VFW post commander, after hearing nothing further than that my husband's perfectly groomed hair and sideburns had been cut off, and about the smear of funeral makeup across the U. S. Navy Insignia insert, remarked, "This United States Navy Veteran who served our nation in war-time and was honorably discharged, was treated shabbily in his death and burial."

In Sparkman Hillcrest when they were asking for their money, I remembered to ask for the discount given for veterans who are members of service organizations such as VFW.
I was told, no.

Between July 22 and September 3 I drove back repeatedly to my husband's grave unable to leave Dallas. I finally left when I was out of means to stay longer. (After watching a speech by Shifra Sharfstein on death, I now understand my urgency to visit my husband's final resting place) Each day in an exercise of futility I try to visit my husband's grave by means of Google Earth and Sprint Family Locator.

Orthodox Jews have always known more about spiritual matters than the rest of us.

Additional notes: as I noticed, and Chad Johnson later admitted, he did not make notes for himself during my advance visits to his office regarding plans for a veteran to be embalmed in his facility, and a military funeral and burial involving Service Corporation International dba Dignity Memorials in two states. The gun salute was omitted. They lost the card off one of only 5 floral arrangements; we had requested Reverend Dorris be memorialized by contributions to charities and ministries.

In September in A. L. Moore Grimshaw I asked for copies of the contents in their employee file of the woman who embalmed my husband. I was told there was nothing in her file except the woman's license to embalm. No reviews? No employee evaluations? Nothing more than a license to embalm? Nothing?

I have no guarantees on anything including that documents have not been altered or destroyed in any number of places.

This is an even wider issue than I first thought during the week after my husband's passing. A friend had said I should call the Arizona department which is in charge of funeral homes in Arizona and notify the director of the problems.

Rudy Thomas quickly returned my call and talked on and on about the fine Service Corporation International, and of how a contingency from Service Corporation International had come to Arizona to tout themselves when the corporation was coming into our state. When Rudy Thomas told me to say nothing to Service Corporation International in Houston before giving Moore Grimshaw 'a chance', I knew I was talking with one in a network of good ole boy's.

On July 21 when I had stepped to the guest book after seeing at visitation that the flawed insert had been put into my husband's casket afterall, I was shocked to the core to see that Paul Gunderson had signed his name on the top line of the Family and Friends page in our guest book.

Paul Gunderson is neither family nor a friend of the Dorris family. If Service Corporation International needs for their employees to sign their names in guest books, they could make a page for that purpose somewhere in the back.

Personal opinion: Service Corporation International knows how to add insult to injury.

My wish: to bring the arrogant, profane Robert Waltrip to his knees for what he did to my husband, and further, in so doing to open a wide door of courage and opportunity for other families to seek justice for having been hurt by Robert Waltrip and his company's careless and hurtful acts of commission and omission.

Nevertheless, I am choosing to do the right thing. I am going to simply tell our story so that others are forewarned before choosing SCI/Dignity Memorials as their funeral provider.

For more insight into Robert Waltrip and Service Corporation International, "Merchant of Death" and "The Dying Giant" researched and written by Robert Bryce for Texas Monthly is recommended reading.

Note: that SCI has a strong damages disclaimer on their contracts would surely indicate their need for one.

Post Note: Oh, if only I had known the sordid aspects of Robert Waltrip and Service Corporation International before my husband passed, we could have avoided SCI entirely except for laying my beloved to rest among our family members in Hillcrest.

In Memory of

C. Earl Dorris

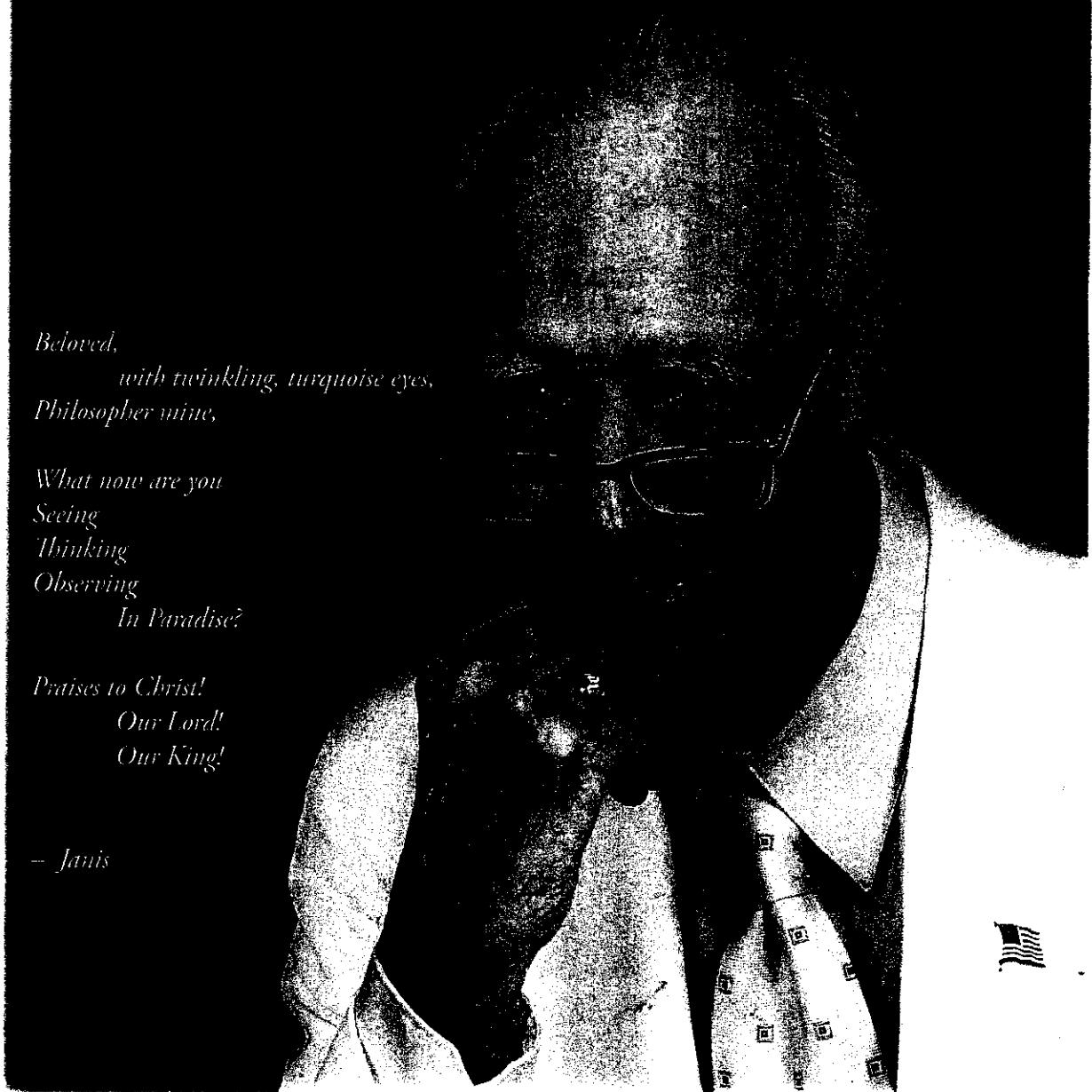
October 30, 1930 — July 12, 2013

*Beloved,
with twinkling, turquoise eyes,
Philosopher mine,*

*What now are you
Seeing
Thinking
Observing
In Paradise?*

*Praises to Christ!
Our Lord!
Our King!*

— Janis





GOVERNOR GREG ABBOTT

April 22, 2015

Ms. Janis G. Dorris
4301 North 21st Street, #40
Phoenix, Arizona 85016-3282

Dear Ms. Dorris:

Senator John McCain shared your letter with our office regarding your concerns with Service Corporation International and Sparkman Hillcrest Funeral Home. Please accept our condolences on the passing of your husband. We hope the following information is helpful.

The Texas Funeral Service Commission (TFSC) is the entity that regulates funeral homes, funeral directors and embalmers in Texas. We have shared your letter with TFSC to ensure its staff is aware of your concerns. Should you wish to file a complaint regarding this matter, we are enclosing a complaint form. If you need to reach TFSC directly, please use the following contact information:

Texas Funeral Service Commission
P.O. Box 12217
Austin, Texas 78711
Telephone: (888) 667-4881
Fax: (512) 479-5064
Email: info@tfsc.state.tx.us

Additionally, in accordance with provisions of the Texas Constitution, Governor Abbott has no authority to intervene in legal or judicial matters, and our office does not provide legal assistance. Should you wish to seek legal counsel in Texas regarding this issue, you can access lawyer referral information by calling, toll-free, (877) 9TEXBAR (983-9227) or by visiting www.texasbar.com.

Ms. Janis G. Dorris
April 22, 2015
Page 2

We appreciate your husband's service to our nation and wish you a satisfactory resolution.
Please let us know if we can assist you in the future.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Dede Keith".

Dede Keith
Deputy Director
Constituent Communication Division
Office of the Governor

DK:bws

Enclosure

cc: The Honorable John McCain

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COMPLETING THE COMPLAINT PACKAGE

Please read the following instructions prior to completing the complaint form. Your complaint will be reviewed to verify that the complaint is a potential violation of law/rules. Please type or print all information.

COMPLAINT FORM

PERSON REGISTERING COMPLAINT: Please type or print your name, address and phone numbers.

COMPLAINT REGISTERED AGAINST: Please type or print the name, address, name of business and phone numbers of the person or establishment whom you are filing the complaint against. If you are filing a complaint against more than one individual, please list the names, addresses and phone numbers on a separate sheet.

SUPPORTING DOCUMENTATION: Supporting documentation is extremely important. Please enclose any documents which support your complaint. Please retain all original documents; enclose only copies. You will be notified if original documents are needed.

DETAILS OF COMPLAINT: Below are suggestions that may help you in recalling details of your complaint.

Date of professional relationship: List the date the relationship began.

Date(s) of violations(s): List each date on which a violation (incident) occurred.

Details of Complaint: Describe your complaint. Your narrative should address the reason(s) for your complaint. Please be specific as possible by providing dates, places, times, etc. If specific information is not available, please give the next best available: i.e., "I cannot recall the exact date, but it was a Monday in January...". It is helpful if you can note how you are able to recall the date or day of the week. It is important to identify any witness(es) who may have knowledge of the event(s) that you have described. If possible, any witness should be fully identified by name, address and phone numbers. You may attach additional pages if necessary. Please number and initial all pages of your narrative in the lower right hand corner. Your complaint should include "who, what, when, where, why and how".

MAILING INSTRUCTIONS

Please keep a copy of your completed **COMPLAINT FORM** and any documentation that you have included.

Mail your completed packet to: **Texas Funeral Service Commission, P.O Box 12217, Capitol Station, Austin, TX 78711**

Texas Department of Banking
2601 N. Lamar Boulevard
Austin, TX 78705-4294
(512) 475-1290
FAX (512) 475-1288

Texas Funeral Service
Commission
PO BOX 12217 Capitol Station
Austin, Texas 78711
FAX (512) 479-5064
1-888-667-4881

Texas Department of Insurance
Consumer Help Line
P. O. Box 149091
Austin, Texas 78714-9091
1-800-252-3439

CONSUMER COMPLAINT FORM

The three agencies listed above have jurisdiction over the death care industry. The Texas Department of Banking regulates the prepaid funeral industry and perpetual care cemeteries. The Texas Funeral Service Commission licenses and regulates funeral homes, funeral directors and embalmers. The Texas Department of Insurance regulates insurance and annuity contracts that fund prepaid contracts. Please address your complaint to the agency which regulates the portion of the industry which is applicable to your complaint. All of the agencies will forward, when appropriate, copies of complaints to the other agencies involved in the regulation of death care industry. Please provide as much of the information requested as possible. You may attach additional pages as necessary. Copies of any photographs, letters, contracts, or other documents pertinent to your complaint should also be enclosed.

Please type or Print Clearly

Your Name	Your Address	
Home Phone	City	
Work Phone	State	Zip

Person or Firm Complained Against	Business Address	
Business Phone	City	
Individual With Whom You Dealt	State	Zip

Please type or print Allegations and Comments

1. Date of problem transaction: _____
2. Please describe your complaint in detail. (Attach additional sheets if necessary)

3. Have you discussed your complaint with the business? Yes No If yes, when?

4. Have you filed your complaint with any other state agency or a law enforcement agency or consulted with an attorney? Yes No

If yes, what agency or attorney? _____

What action did that agency or attorney take? Include case number, if applicable.

5. Please list the names, addresses and telephone numbers of any witnesses to the alleged act(s):

To the best of my knowledge, the above statements are true and correct.

Signature:	Date:
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